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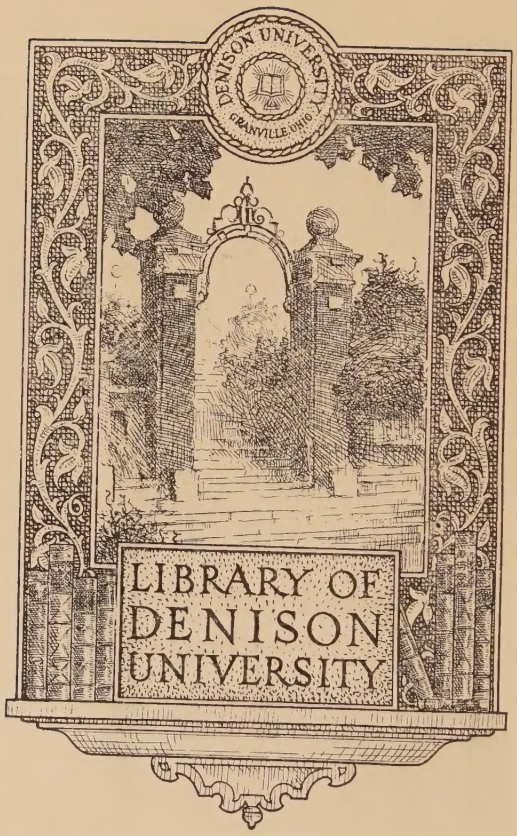
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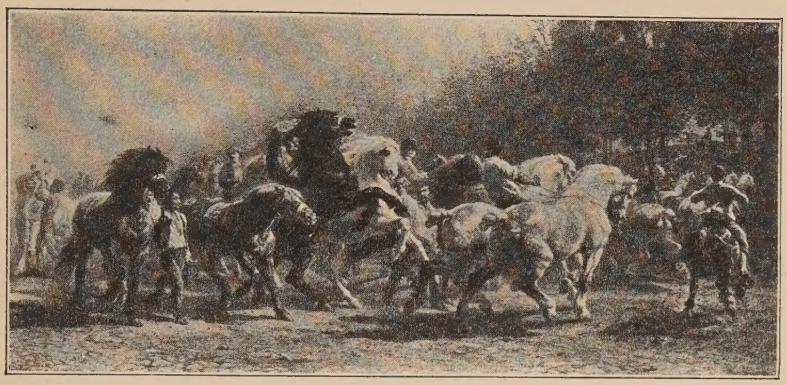

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PICTURE STORIES

FROM THE GREAT ARTISTS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ROSA BONHEUR
VAN DYCK, LANDSEER, AND MURILLO

BY

MARY R. CADY AND JULIA M. DEWEY

65187

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1929

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THESE picture stories are designed for children who have just learned to read from books. At such an age the child is susceptible of the very highest impressions, for no one is too young to be affected by the forms of beauty or by the standards of true art.

There is no thought of elaborating any method of instruction or of outlining any course of study. The book does not attempt to take the child out of his own world of pets and home, of father and mother, brother and sister. It indulges his natural sympathies, activities, and interests; but it surrounds all with such an atmosphere of art and beauty that it must quicken the sensibilities, help to bring out the best that is in him of taste or talent, and lay thus early the foundation for a knowledge of art and a love of the beautiful.

The literary form of the readings and stories has been carefully considered; and the vocabulary, while including some words not found in ordinary first-year books, is thought to be within the range of the child who has mastered a beginner's book of any of the standard series.

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This is a picture of Rosa Bonheur's hound.

Don is his name. A noble Don he is, too, and a grand old dog.

The letters RB in the corner mean Rosa Bonheur.

A DOG'S LAMENT

Bow-wow! Bow-wow! I had some meat.

I looked into the water and there was another dog who had some meat, too. "I will take your meat," I said.

Bow-wow-wow. Wow-wow-wow.

O dear! I did not get his meat and I lost my own.

Dick's voice is not very sweet, but he is a very kind and gentle donkey.

The children like to drive the donkey, and they have a cart to ride in.

They have a little saddle, and sometimes they ride on Dick's back.

When the children ride too far, Dick goes home.

This is my Rex.

This is my Norman.

A king once hung a bell in the tower, and said to his people, "If any one does you wrong, ring this bell."

So many rang the bell, that the bell rope broke, and they made a new bell rope of a long grape vine.

One day a poor, hungry old horse tried to eat the grape vine.

This made the bell ring. "Call the master of this horse," said the king.

Then he said to the man, "This good horse has worked for you. He is old now and cannot work longer, but you must be good to him.

"Build him a shelter. Give him food. Think of all he has done for you."

Thus the old horse rang the bell and got justice from the king.

Rosa Bonheur had a pet goat.

Once he came into the house and looked at her as if to say, "I like you and I have come in to see you."

Then he went around the room and looked at the pictures.

When he saw his own picture, he wagged his head as if he liked it, and then he ran out of the house.

Rosa Bonheur
1836

Little Wasp is a real Skye terrier.
His coat is soft and silky.
He has a blue ribbon about his neck.
Everybody likes Wasp.

A little dog once took a walk with his master.

They walked by the side of a river where there were beautiful white water lilies.

The master tried to pick one, but he could not reach it.

Then the little dog jumped into the river and swam to the lily and pulled it from its stem.

He took it to his master, and I think he almost said, "Here, my dear master, here is the lily for you."

See the family of lions at home.

In this family are the lion, the lioness, and three little lions.

Are lions gentle like Rex and Dick?

No, they are not gentle like the horse and the donkey.

They are wild animals and very fierce.

In this picture the lions are at home in the forest.

How large and strong the lion is, and how fierce he looks!

See his large paws.

The lioness is strong, too, but she is gentle with the little lions.

She lets them play, and sometimes she plays with them.

How cunning they are!

They play like little dogs

Once Rosa Bonheur had a pet lion.

The lion liked her.

He did not like to have her go away.

Rosa Bonheur liked the lion, and painted his picture.

She painted this picture of the lions at home.

A lion once had a mouse in his paw.

"Let me go," said the mouse. "Do let me go. I will help you some day."

The lion let the mouse go.

Then the lion was caught in a net.

"I can let you out of the net," said the mouse.

"How can a little mouse like you let me out?"

"I can do it, I can do it. I can gnaw the net." And he did.

This is a picture of Rosa Bonheur's pet lion.

This is the family of a farmer.

The farmer is near the cart.

He drives the oxen and talks to mother and baby in the cart.

The strong oxen draw the cart.

How large and strong they are!

Where do they go this morning?

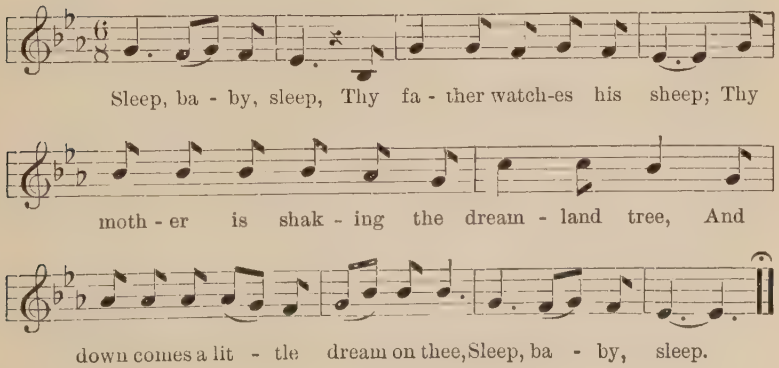
They go to a new home.

Do you see the shepherd and the sheep?

They go with the farmer to the new home.

The farmer walks beside the cart, and the shepherd drives the sheep.

The little baby is asleep, and the mother sings a sweet song.



This is a picture of Rosa Bonheur and one of her pets.

Rosa Bonheur loved animals.

Wasp was the name of her little dog, and she had a big dog like Don.

She had a horse like Rex, and a donkey like Dick.

She had goats and sheep, and once she had a pet lion.

"The goat follows me," she said, "and the lion likes to have me near him."

Rosa Bonheur painted pictures of Wasp, and Rex, and Dick.

What a fine picture she painted of Don!

She painted pictures of lions and sheep. "I like animals," said she, "and I like to paint their pictures."

Oh, spring has come!

Do you see the sun shine?

And how blue is the sky!

Do you like such a spring morning as this?

Yes, I like a spring morning.

The farmers and the oxen like it, too.

Farmers are in the field.

Strong oxen are there.

They have come to plow the field and sow the grain.

The sun shines on the men and the oxen.

See how it shines on the ground.

The farmer's home is among the trees on the hill.

Rosa Bonheur painted this picture.

TO BE MEMORIZED

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the dawn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

—Robert Browning

In the spring the farmers plow the field.

They sow the grain.

In summer they cut the grass and make the hay.

They make the hay when the sun shines.

Did you see the farmers make hay this summer?

Did you go to the hay-field?

Did you see the hay-cart?

Was the hay on the cart?

How sweet is the new hay!

The horses, the sheep, and the oxen like it.

Gentle Rex, and Dick, and Norman like the new hay.

The goat likes it, too.

When the hay is on the cart where do the oxen draw it?

They draw it to the barn.

See the strong oxen draw the hay from the fields.

When the hay is in the barn the farmers cut the grain.

They gather it in.

Then comes winter.

It is a summer morning.

The dew is on the grass.

How the sun shines! How sweet is the air!

See the cattle. They like the summer morning and the sweet grass.

Once the farmer drove his cows to pasture.

A field was near the pasture.

The cows liked the field grass.

"Let us go to the field," they said.

"The field grass is good. Let us go there.

We must have good, sweet grass.

Then the farmer can have sweet milk."

When the farmer came to milk the cows, he did not see them in the pasture.

But he found them in the field, and drove them back to the pasture.

The farmer cares for the cows and feeds them on the sweet grass, and they give him good, sweet milk.

THE STORY OF APOLLO'S COWS

Once Hermes found Apollo's cows up in the sky.

He drove the cows away and hid them in a cave.

He was not a good boy then.

Apollo found it out.

He said, "Hermes, you must bring back my cows." So Hermes did as he was told.

He was a good boy now.

And so Apollo let him care for his cows.

He let him milk them, too.

Hermes liked to care for the cows and to milk them.

Apollo was the sun. Hermes

was the wind. The cows were the clouds.

When does Hermes milk the cows?

THE COW

TO BE MEMORIZED

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream, with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders, lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray;
All in the pleasant, open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet by all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass,
And eats the meadow flowers.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

The sheep are in the pasture.

They eat the sweet grass and lie down to sleep.

Do you see the shepherd? Yes, the good dog is the shepherd. They will not go away when he is near.

See how he watches the sheep.

All night he watches them.

When they wake in the morning he is there.

THE STORY OF ENDYMION

Endymion was a little shepherd boy.

He cared for his sheep in the pasture.

At night he went to sleep with his sheep on the sweet grass.

Diana was in the sky at night.

One night Endymion was asleep with his sheep.

"There is Endymion asleep," said Diana.

"What a dear boy he is! I will not wake him.

But I will go down to him and kiss him. I will kiss him very, very softly."

Every night when Diana was in the sky she went down to the sheep pasture to kiss her dear Endymion.

Endymion's sleep was sweet.

Diana was the moon.

THE BOY AND HIS COAT

A little boy had no coat.

Once he met a Sheep.

"Where is your coat, little boy?" said the Sheep.

"I have no coat," said the boy.

"I will give you my wool to make a coat."

Then the boy met a Spider.

"What have you there?" said the Spider.

"Wool to make a coat."

"I will spin the wool and make it into cloth."

Then he met a Crab.

"What have you there, little boy?" said the Crab.

"Cloth to make a coat."

"Give it to me and I will cut out the coat."

Then he met a Bird.

"What have you there, little boy?" said the Bird.

"Cloth all cut to make a coat."

"Give it to me and I will sew it for you."

Then the boy had a new coat with the help of the Sheep, and the Spider, and the Crab, and the Bird.

This is the story of the boy and his coat.

This picture of the sheep in the pasture was painted by Auguste Bonheur.

Auguste Bonheur was the brother of Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa Bonheur taught her brother to paint pictures of animals. But Auguste

did not become a great artist like his sister Rosa.

Rosa Bonheur was always fond of animals. When she was a little girl she liked to play with dogs better than to go to school.

As she grew older she loved animals and they loved her just as well.

She called them her friends. "I never tire of these friends," she said.

After a while Rosa Bonheur began to paint pictures. "Now," she said to herself, "I will paint pictures of my dear dogs and horses and sheep.

I love them so much I shall like to paint their pictures."

And so she became an animal painter and a great artist.

What a pretty picture!

What cunning little baby is this?

It is Baby Stuart.

What a sweet face he has!

How happy he looks!

Have you a picture of Baby Stuart?

I know a little girl named Betty.

Poor little Betty has no pretty doll to play with, but she has a picture of Baby Stuart.

She plays it is her doll.

She pets it as you pet your doll.

She likes to look at the sweet baby face.

We all like this pretty picture.

We like to look at the face of this happy baby.

What a pretty picture it is!

This is Karl. Is he not a large boy?

Has he not a fine face?

What does he see?

He sees the fields where the farmers are, the sky and the bright sunshine.

Karl says, "Come, boys, let us go out and play."

"Away we go!" And away they run to the fields.

What fun it is! How sweet is the grass and the new hay!

"Let us go and see the sheep. The shepherd is not with them."

"Where is the shepherd?"

"Oh, he is in the hay-field. The sheep will not go away.

They like the grass too well to go away."

At night Karl runs home.

"I must go to sleep now," he says. "Then I shall wake up with the sun. I shall have a long day to play with the boys.

The farmers will let me ride on the hay-cart. I can drive the oxen to the barn.

I can go to the sheep pasture and play I am the shepherd.

What a fine time I can have! How happy a boy can be!"

But he is so tired with his play that he goes to sleep in his chair.

Happy, tired, sleepy Karl.

He goes to sleep in his chair, and dreams that he is a shepherd driving his sheep.

THE WORLD'S MUSIC

FOR MEMORIZING

The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange, sweet music, like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves,
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing,
While flashing to and from the eaves
The swallows twitter on the wing.

The grass that waves, and boughs that sway,
And tall old trees you could not climb,
And wind that comes but cannot stay
Are gayly singing all the time.

This world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

—Gabriel Setoun.

Little Antony Van Dyck loved his mother.

She was a good and gentle mother.

Antony liked to see her at work.

She did not paint pictures.

But she made pretty pictures on cloth with a needle.

"Mother, I like to see you sew pretty pictures," said Antony.

"Will you not let me sew?"

"You shall have pencil and paper, Antony.

Then I will help you to draw pictures. I shall be glad to have you learn to make pictures."

So she helped Antony to make his first pictures.

Was she not a good mother?

"I like to paint pictures," said Antony Van Dyck.

He said this when he was a little boy.

"And I like to have you paint them," said his mother.

He painted pictures when he was but ten years old.

He did not paint pictures of horses and lions, like Rosa Bonheur.

He painted pictures of people.

See this picture of himself.

He painted it, and he painted the pictures of Baby Stuart and Karl.

Rosa Bonheur liked to paint pictures of animals. She was an animal painter.

Antony Van Dyck liked to paint pictures of people.

We call him a portrait painter.

This is a portrait of King Charles.

Antony Van Dyck liked to paint pictures of King Charles.

He painted him in his fine clothes.

See his coat of rich velvet, and his collar and cuff of lace.

What has he in his hand?

King Charles was the father of Baby Stuart.

Baby Stuart was a little prince, and when he was a man he became a king.

Antony Van Dyck painted many pictures of King Charles and his wife and children.

Baby Stuart was the youngest boy of the family, and he had one brother and three sisters.

It was a fine family.

Antony Van Dyck painted this picture of Queen Henrietta.

See the sunlight on her face. It is on her dress, too.

See Queen Henrietta's fine eyes and beautiful hair.

Has she not a kind face?

What pretty hands she has!

See her pearls. Are they not fine?

Queen Henrietta was Baby Stuart's mother.

She was a very kind mother.

King Charles and Queen Henrietta had five beautiful children.

Antony Van Dyck liked to paint fine clothes and pretty hands. He liked to paint pretty faces. He liked to paint pictures of the king and queen.

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Here is a picture of Queen Henrietta and her two boys.

The names of the boys are Charles and James.

James is the baby. His pet name is Baby Stuart.

He is a little baby here, but he was larger when the other pictures were painted.

Charles stands by the side of his mother.

See the cunning little dogs. They like to play with the children.

Charles and James were fine boys, and Antony Van Dyck painted their pictures many times.

He liked to paint the pictures of the King's children.

Now you see all the children of Charles and Henrietta.

Their names are Mary, James, Charles, Elizabeth, and Anne.

Are they not a beautiful family?

Mary wears a white silk dress.

Have you ever seen her before?

James wears blue, and Charles red.

Charles has white shoes with red rosettes.

How he loves the dear old dog!

What a large boy he is!

And James is no longer Baby Stuart. He is a large boy.

He is called Prince James now.

Elizabeth holds Anne.

Baby Anne is the pet of the family.

Who is the grandest king,
Or queen, or anything
That may be great or high?
Who wandered from the sky,
The best of girls or boys,
To be our joy of joys?
It is — the baby? Well,
Ask mother — she can tell.

TO BE MEMORIZED

Dear little children, whither would you wander?
Whither from the pretty home, the home where
mother dwells?
"Far and far away," said the dear little children,
"All among the gardens, and the Canterbury
bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty house, this dear home of ours?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the meadows, and the honeysuckle flowers."

—Tennyson.

STORY OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD

Once there was a little baby princess.

The king and queen said, "We must give her a name. We will make a party. We will invite the fairies."

So the fairies came to the party. Every fairy came with a gift for the little princess.

They said, "Our gifts will make the princess good and beautiful." But a bad fairy said, "The princess shall die."

"Our princess must not die," said the king and queen.

A good fairy came to them. "Do not feel bad," she said; "the princess shall not die, but she shall sleep a hundred years.

Then a prince shall come and wake her."

When the princess was fifteen years old she went to sleep for a hundred years.

A forest hid her home. No one came to wake her. There she slept a hundred years.

Then a prince came to hunt in the forest.

He came to the home of the princess. There was the princess, asleep.

"I must wake the beautiful princess," he said.

And he did. And so it all came as the good fairy had said.

When Antony Van Dyck was learning to paint pictures he said to his teacher, "Which do you think are my best pictures?"

"I think your pictures of people are your best. You should paint pictures of people."

And so he became a portrait painter. He liked to paint portraits as much as Rosa Bonheur liked to paint pictures of animals.

He liked to paint fine clothes almost as well as faces.

If you could see the real painting of Baby Stuart, you would know his little dress was of silk.

The picture of lace on Queen Henrietta's dress, or on the coat of King Charles, looks as soft and pretty as the lace itself.

Rosa Bonheur did not paint silk dresses or lace. She painted the little donkey with his shaggy hair and Wasp's silky coat.

She painted pictures of horses and dogs, of lions and their little ones.

Van Dyck painted pictures of kings and queens and their children.

Van Dyck was a great artist—greater than Rosa Bonheur. But the children do not love his pictures better.

SAVED

Little Susan lives near the water.

She is a poor little girl and has no fine clothes.

She has a cunning little doll. She loves her little doll.

Susan sings to herself like a bird,

and she sings to her doll. She is a happy little girl.

Is she not too near the water? Yes, she is so near that she falls in.

Good dog Tray sees Susan in the water, and swims out to save her.

He is not afraid of the water. Is he not a brave dog?

Now he swims back and holds little Susan in his large mouth. He lays her gently on the ground and watches over her.

Tray is very tired now, and he lies down to rest near little Susan. But he does not rest long.

He sees something else in the water. Perhaps it is another little child. He must save her, too.

Tray runs back and swims far out into the water.

He swims very fast and he is very tired.

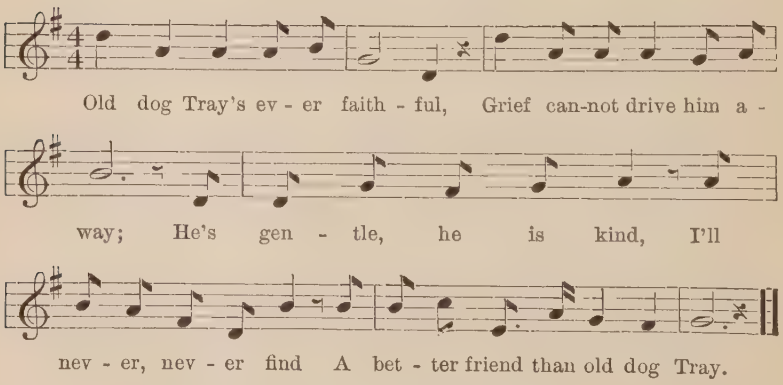
Can he reach what he sees in the water before he is too tired?

Now he has reached it. Is it another little girl? Can he reach the land before he is too tired?

The good dog has reached the land, and what does he hold now in his strong mouth?

It is poor Susan's little doll.

Oh, good dog Tray!



See this large dog. He is asleep. He is a bloodhound.

The bloodhound is a very strong dog.

He is a good watchdog and will care for one he loves.

Let us read the story of Gellert, the faithful hound.

THE STORY OF GELLERT

Once there lived a good king whose name was Lewellyn. He lived in a large castle. The castle stood in a forest.

He had a dear little boy. All the people in the castle loved the little boy.

The forest was full of wild beasts. All the people were afraid of the wild beasts.

King Lewellyn gave his little child a large hound. The hound's name was Gellert. Gellert loved the little boy.

Gellert and the little boy were always together. Gellert was not afraid of the wild beasts in the forest.

One day King Lewellyn went out to hunt in the forest. He said, "Gellert, watch my little boy until I come back."

The little boy was asleep in his cradle. Gellert lay down beside the cradle.

When the king came home Gellert ran out to meet him. The father patted the good dog. Then the father ran in to see his little child.

There was no little child in the cradle. He could not find his little boy. He saw blood on the cradle. At once he killed the strong Gellert.

Soon King Lewellyn heard a little cry. It was the cry of his little boy. He looked about.

Behind the cradle he found his little child. Beside him lay a dead wolf. His little boy was safe.

How happy was the father that his boy was safe! How unhappy was the king that he had killed the good Gellert!

MY DOG

Blessings on thee, dog of mine,
Pretty collars make thee fine,
  Sugared milk make fat thee!
Pleasures wag on in thy tail,
Hands of gentle motion fail
  Nevermore to pat thee.

—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

These little dogs are called King Charles Spaniels.

King Charles Spaniels were very great pets with King Charles.

You see them sometimes in Antony Van Dyck's pictures, but another artist painted this picture.

His name is Edwin Landseer.

This is a picture of Edwin Landseer. Edwin Landseer was a great painter. He loved dogs. He painted many beautiful pictures of dogs.

He painted "Saved," "The Sleeping Bloodhound," "My Dog," and many, many other pictures of dogs.

He painted this picture of himself with the two dogs beside him.

When Edwin Landseer was a little schoolboy he liked to make pictures of animals.

When he was a little boy his father took him out in the fields to draw pictures of sheep, goats, and donkeys.

When he was a little boy he made so many pictures of dogs that he was called "the little dog boy."

What do you think the dogs in this picture see?

Edwin Landseer loved horses, and he painted many pictures of horses. He painted this beautiful picture of the blacksmith shoeing Old Betty.

Old Betty was a gentle horse. She was not afraid of the blacksmith. She would go without her master to the blacksmith to get a new shoe.

Two friends once went with Old Betty to the blacksmith. They were a donkey and the dog Laura.

See how Laura watches the blacksmith. The donkey watches Laura.

See how gently the blacksmith works. The sun shines on Old Betty. It shines on the blacksmith's back.

This shoemaker makes shoes without leather
With all these four things together,
Fire and water, earth and air,
And every customer has two pair.

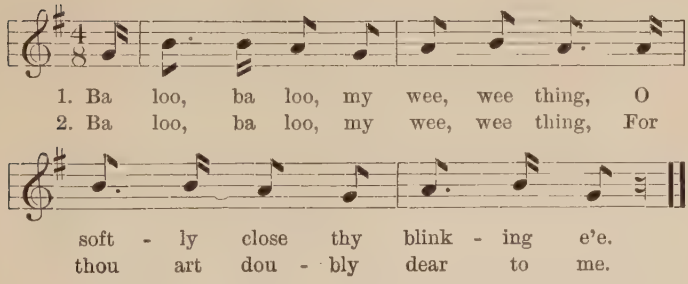
Edwin Landseer once went on a journey into the mountains of Scotland. Many sheep live on these mountains.

The shepherds live in little houses near their sheep. They love their sheep and watch over them very carefully.

Landseer painted this beautiful picture of a shepherd's home. The little baby lies asleep in the cradle, and the pet lamb is sleeping near by.

The shepherd and his wife watch their baby lovingly. The good shepherd dog is near the cradle also.

What else can you see in the picture?



THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

Long, long ago there lived a king in Greece. He had two little children, a boy and a girl.

One day the children went out to play. "Oh, Helle, see!" said the boy to his sister, "see the beautiful sheep!"

There was a beautiful sheep near them. His fleece was very white, as white as snow.

"Let us play with you, little sheep," said Helle. But the sheep was afraid and ran away.

Where did he go? He went up into the sky.

He was like a beautiful, white, fleecy cloud in the sky.

Now, every day when Helle and her brother went out to play, they found the sheep. Soon the sheep came to love the little children. They would play all day together.

When the little children went home, the sheep would go up into the sky.

One day the children and the sheep got lost.

It was growing dark. They were far from home.

"Do not cry, Helle," said her brother, "the sheep will care for us."

Then the sheep took them on his back away up into the sky.

Poor little Helle fell off the sheep's back into the water. The good sheep took the little boy home. The sheep was so tired he lay down on the sweet grass.

While he was asleep his beautiful white fleece was changed into a golden fleece.

This golden fleece was the most beautiful thing in all the world.

All the Greek kings tried to get the golden fleece.

In the mountains of Scotland Edwin Landseer saw many deer.

Afterward he painted beautiful pictures of deer.

He painted this picture of a deer family.

See what great antlers the stag has! What are the antlers like?

Where do the deer live? When it is night, where do the deer make their lair?

The lair is the deer's bed. Of what do they make their lair?

Has the doe antlers? Has the fawn antlers?

The stag's eyes are very bright. He holds his head very high.

The fawn and the doe hold up their heads.

Perhaps they hear a strange sound

See the deer family browsing on the hills. The stag is eating the sweet grass of the hillside.

Are the doe and fawn eating the sweet grass?

No, the doe and her fawn see men and dogs. Can you see the men?

The men and their dogs will frighten the deer. Then they will run swiftly to the forest.

Perhaps the doe and fawn can hide from the men and dogs.

Where can they hide from them? I hope they can hide from them in the forest.

Why are the deer afraid of men and dogs?

The doe and her fawn hide in the forest. The stag cannot hide in the forest.

He must run swiftly from the men and dogs.

The dogs run swiftly. The stag runs more swiftly. He has run to the mountain lake.

In the mountains the noble deer will be safe.

The dogs have run very swiftly. Now they are very near the stag. They bark at him.

He is very frightened. He is very tired. He is at the mountain lake.

He sees the dogs nearer him. They are beside him. He strikes them down with his great antlers.

He looks around. He sees the hunters and their dogs far away.

Now he must run more swiftly. He must jump from rock to rock.

He reaches the mountain pass. He is safe!

The dogs cannot find him. The hunters cannot find him. The noble stag is safe, but he is very tired and thirsty.

He must find water to drink. He must lie down to rest.

MEMORIZE

The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glengartney's hazel shade.

—Sir Walter Scott.

Where are the doe and the fawn?

They have run from the forest to the wild mountain pass.

Here they will find the old stag and many other deer.

They are all safe here in the Deer Pass in the mountains.

Edwin Landseer was an animal painter. So was Rosa Bonheur.

He was old and famous when she was just beginning to paint pictures of her favorite animals.

Landseer's dogs look as if they could speak to us.

See the dogs looking at the picture with him.

If they could speak, they would tell you it was a fine picture.

Landseer saw what was good and noble in animals, and we all love his dogs and admire his fine deer.

Would you not like to have a real dog like "My Dog," or like the grand old dog that saved little Susan?

Which would you like best, "My Dog," or the old dog Tray, or Wasp, or Don?

Perhaps you would like to have the cunning little King Charles spaniels.

Antony Van Dyck sometimes painted pictures of dogs, but we think of him only as a portrait painter.

Landseer and Rosa Bonheur sometimes painted pictures of people, but we think and speak of them only as animal painters.

Can you tell why?

We have seen Rosa Bonheur's beautiful pictures of sheep in France, and Edwin Landseer's lovely picture of the Scottish shepherd's home, with his baby and his pet lamb.

There is another country where there are many sheep.

In Spain the summer is long, the sunlight very bright, and the sky very blue. Here the sheep go about the streets.

The children play with the sheep. They are like little shepherds to them.

What does a shepherd do? He cares for his sheep. He can call them all by name.

When a sheep is lost he searches until it is found. When it is found the sheep and the shepherd are happy.

When a sheep is sick the good shepherd holds it in his arms.

See this beautiful picture of a little child who is like a shepherd to the sheep.

How kind and gentle he is to the little lamb at his side.

What does he hold in his hand?

What does the shepherd do with his crook?

THE SHEPHERD

TO BE MEMORIZED

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays,
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with their praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply,
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

—William Blake.

In that country where the sky is so blue and the summer so long and warm, there are always many very poor children.

They play about the streets in their ragged clothes.

Here is a picture of three such little children.

Two are playing a game. The third is eating some bread.

Perhaps he was very hungry and his mother had no bread for him.

Perhaps a good woman gave him some bread.

See how the dog watches him. Perhaps he is hungry also.

Will the little boy give the hungry dog some bread?

I think the little boy will give some of his bread to the hungry dog.

In this same country a little boy once lived who became a great artist. His name was Murillo.

This is a picture of Murillo. He painted this picture himself.

He loved what was good and beautiful. He painted what was good and beautiful.

When Murillo was a little boy he was very poor.

He wore ragged clothes like the little children in his pictures.

He played about the streets with the sheep and dogs.

When Murillo was a little boy he lost his father and mother. Murillo had a sister, but he had no brother to play with him.

Murillo's sister was very kind to him. She was a little mother to him.

When Murillo's father died a good uncle took little Murillo and his sister to live with him.

This good uncle was like a father to the little Murillo children.

This uncle was not poor, and now little Murillo could have good clothes.

He did not forget the poor little children who had been his friends.

He did not forget the sheep that had played with him. He did not forget the dogs that had followed him.

When he grew to be a great artist he loved to paint beautiful pictures of the poor little children, and the sheep, and the dogs.

Here is a picture of one of his good friends among the poor children.

He is a Spanish peasant boy. What a bright, happy face he has!

When Murillo was a little schoolboy he made many pictures in his schoolbooks.

There were no pretty pictures printed in schoolbooks then, and the children liked to see Murillo's pictures.

He made for them pictures of happy little children.

He made pictures of lovely fruit and flowers.

He made many pictures of sheep and dogs.

They were pretty pictures for a little boy to make.

Did the children in these pictures have fine clothes?

No, they did not have fine clothes like Prince Charles, but their eyes were bright and their faces were kind and happy.

Where Murillo lived oranges, grapes, melons, and many other fruits grow. Pretty flowers grow there, too, and many birds sing in the trees.

The warm sunlight makes the fruits very sweet, and the flowers very beautiful.

It makes the grapes purple, the oranges golden, and the melons red.

On summer days, when the sunlight has ripened the fruit, the little children go out in the fields.

They take their baskets with them. The pet dog goes with them. Perhaps the pet lambs follow them also.

They lie down on the sweet grass under the orange trees.

They look up into the trees and see the golden fruit, the green leaves, and the white flowers.

The little children do not lie long on the grass.

They fill their baskets with the ripe fruit. Then they go back and sell the fruit.

The sun has grown very, very warm. They rest and count their money.

They are tired little children now, but they are happy little children.

They have been out in the green fields. They have sold their fruit.

Perhaps they will give their money to the good mother at home.

When Murillo grew to be a great artist he always loved to paint pictures of these little children in their ragged clothes.

He painted all these beautiful pictures, and all people love him and his pictures.

When Murillo was a little boy he made pictures of poor little children.

When he was a great and rich artist he painted beautiful pictures of these same little ragged children.

He painted the Spanish peasant boy and the fruit venders.

He painted other pictures of little children. They were very, very beautiful.

He painted the picture of the little shepherd with his crook and his sheep.

Murillo painted this beautiful picture of children. What do you see in the sky, above these children's heads?

Murillo saw beautiful children's faces in his dreams and in the clouds because he loved children.

He thought a child was the most beautiful thing in all the world.

Some one said, "Murillo, you must

have seen these children in your dreams, they are so beautiful."

But Murillo answered, "They are no more beautiful than my little ragged children, but I do see them in my dreams.

I see their little faces in the clouds."

Sometimes when Murillo read a story that he liked he made it over into a picture.

Once he read a story about Rebecca and Eliezer. Afterward he made this lovely picture of the story.

What do you see in this picture? I see a well of water. I see girls beside

the well of water. I see camels. I see pitchers. I see a man.

A girl gives the man water from her pitcher. Are the camels near the well? Are the girls nearer to you than the camels? What is farther away than the camels?

What is in the background? What is in the foreground? What is between them?

The camels are in the middle distance.

STORY OF REBECCA AND ELIEZER

Abraham had a son whose name was Isaac.

Isaac had no wife. Abraham sent Eliezer on a long journey to bring back a wife for Isaac.

Eliezer went very far away. He took many camels with him.

One evening he and his camels were very tired and thirsty. They found a well of water.

How happy was Eliezer then! Then he and his camels could rest by the well of water.

It was evening, and girls were at the well drawing water. Beautiful Rebecca was at the well.

Eliezer said to her, "Will you give me a little water from your pitcher?"

Rebecca said, "You are tired and thirsty. Your camels are tired and thirsty also.

I will give you and your camels water from the pitcher."

Beautiful Rebecca! Kind Rebecca! Eliezer took her home with him to be the wife of Abraham's son Isaac.

This is the story of Murillo's picture.

Murillo saw also the faces of lovely angels in his dreams.

Once he read a story about Jacob. Jacob dreamed that he saw angels and heard their voices.

Murillo made this story into a lovely picture. He could paint the angels because he had seen them in his dreams.

THE STORY OF JACOB'S DREAM

Isaac had a son whose name was Jacob. One day Isaac sent Jacob on a long journey into a far country.

It is a beautiful day, and Jacob goes through the fields and forests.

He sees the pretty flowers and the beautiful trees. He hears the birds sing in the trees. He sings, too, for he is happy.

When he is tired he likes to rest on the grass under the trees. Then he looks up into the blue sky and thinks of the dear ones at home.

He rests a little and then goes on his way.

When it is night Jacob is very tired from his long journey. He makes a pillow of stone and lies down to sleep.

The moon drives the clouds away. It is a beautiful night.

He thinks of his father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, so far away. Then he sleeps.

While he sleeps Jacob has a beautiful dream.

He dreams that a ladder reaches from earth to heaven, and that beautiful angels go up and down the ladder.

TO BE MEMORIZED

The sun's descending in the west,
The evening star doth shine;
The birds are silent in their nests,
And I must seek for mine.

Farewell, green field and happy grove
Where flocks have taken delight,
Where lambs have gamboled, silent move
The feet of angels bright.

Murillo saw lovely children and angels in his dreams, and he painted them in his pictures.

All people love these beautiful pictures of Murillo's.

He painted this lovely picture of an angel leading a little child. Perhaps he saw that in his dreams. It is called the Guardian Angel.

Murillo said the angels were the children of his dreams.

Watch over me while I'm asleep,
And every night above my head
Bend down, dear Angel, o'er the bed.
Walk by my side to guard and bless;
Talk to me all along the way,
And while I hearken what you say,
Lest I should fall help me to stand;
I pray you, Angel, hold my hand.

—*From the French of* Mme. Tastu.

See this beautiful mother and her little boy. Strong men are standing around looking lovingly at them.

These men are shepherds. One of the shepherds has brought his pet sheep with him.

You can see that these people are in a very dark place.

It is a stable, and the mother sits by the manger.

Murillo painted this beautiful picture of the visit of the shepherds.

He wanted to tell everybody the story of this wonderful child, whose cradle was a manger.

He could not tell the whole story in one picture. It would take many pictures and many, many books to tell the whole story.

This beautiful baby was born in the East, not so very far from where Rebecca lived and Jacob dreamed about the angels.

On the hills near by there were many sheep, and the shepherds watched over them.

As they watched their sheep by night they watched the stars also.

They came to know the stars as well as they knew their sheep. They could call all their sheep by name.

So they could call all of the stars by name.

One night the shepherds saw a great light in the sky.

They heard voices singing of the birth of a wonderful child, who should be found lying in a manger, in a stable not far away.

When they came to the stable, though it was dark, they found the mother, and they could see the baby lying in the manger, for a great light seemed to shine upon them.

It was a beautiful little baby boy, and the shepherds loved him at once.

They believed he would become a great man and make the world happier and better.

So they returned to their flocks singing songs of joy.

The shepherds were right. The beautiful baby boy grew to be a wonderful man.

He brought so much happiness into the world that when his birthday comes nearly everybody wants to keep it by making others happy.

MURILLO

Murillo lived many, many years ago, and he painted some of the most beautiful pictures in the world.

When he was only eleven years old, he began to take lessons in painting. He learned all that his master, and uncle, could teach him, but he wanted to know more.

He heard of a great painter, Antony Van Dyck, who had painted such beautiful pictures that all the world was talking about him.

Murillo wished that he might see Van Dyck, or some of his pictures.

Now, Van Dyck lived far away from Seville, Murillo's home, and the young artist had not enough money to take so long a journey, but he heard that there were some of his pictures in Madrid.

That was a long way off, too, but Murillo said he would go there if he had to walk all the way. So he started on foot for Madrid.

There were high mountains to cross, and long and dusty roads to travel in the hot sunshine.

He was often footsore and weary, but his courage did not fail, and after many days he saw in the distance the beautiful city.

For three years he staid in Madrid studying the pictures of the great artists.

When these years were over, he went back to Seville, and never again for any length of time left his native city.

He loved Seville and worked all his life for its good and beauty.

He was never idle, and the sweetness and piety of his life are seen in his beautiful pictures.

In all the great cities of the world his paintings are found, and many lives have been made happier and better by them.

ANTONY VAN DYCK

Antony Van Dyck, whose pictures Murillo wished so much to see, was seventeen years older than Murillo.

He was born in a northern country called Holland, far away from sunny Seville.

He was the son of a rich merchant, and knew nothing of early poverty and struggle. Already Holland was famous for its artists, the greatest of them all being Rubens.

To Rubens young Van Dyck was sent to study. He soon became Rubens's favorite pupil.

At last Rubens told Van Dyck that he could teach him nothing more and that he ought to go to Italy to study.

Van Dyck started for Italy, but he was not obliged to walk, nor to earn the money with which to go. Instead of walking many weary miles, he traveled in a fine carriage and in company with great people.

In Italy he lived four years, visiting all the great cities, and studying the works of the best Italian painters.

He then returned to Holland and soon became the rival of his old master, Rubens.

Not long after Van Dyck's return to Holland he was invited by King Charles to come to England and paint the portraits of the royal family.

We are glad that Van Dyck consented to go, for the world would miss a good deal in not having his pictures of the quaint little English princes and princesses.

We all love the fine pictures of Baby Stuart and his brothers and sisters — Van Dyck painted them all many times.

Van Dyck never went back to Holland to live. He married an English wife, and was kept busy until his death painting the portraits of the great and famous of all countries.

EDWIN LANDSEER

Edwin Landseer was born in London, England, of art-loving parents. As soon as he could hold a pencil, one was put into his tiny fingers, and he was taught to draw.

His father, John Landseer, used to take Edwin and his brothers to the fields and parks where animals were to be found. Then the little fellows were given pencils and paper and told to sketch the animals.

Edwin was soon found to possess the greatest talent of them all, though all were talented.

When Edwin was only five years old, he could draw well, and showed a remarkable understanding of animal character.

Then followed years of patient and hard work until Edwin was master of his art.

Some one has said that Edwin Landseer discovered the dog. He certainly is the most famous painter of dogs, and numberless are his pictures of them.

Dogs of high degree and dogs of low degree, dignified dogs and impudent dogs, famous dogs and unknown dogs, have all been pictured by Landseer.

Lovers of dogs and animals became lovers of Landseer, and in the homes of the humble and of the great are found the copies of "Saved," "The Monarch of the Glen," and many others of his pictures.

Among the famous animals that Landseer painted was Queen Victoria's favorite horse, and Sir Walter Scott's beloved dog, Maida. Such was the character of Edwin Landseer that both in the home of the Scottish poet and of England's Queen he became a welcome and honored friend.

ROSA BONHEUR

Rosa Bonheur belonged to a family of artists. Her father was a painter, her mother a musician, and all the five children were artists.

When Rosa was a little girl, she would run away from school to the woods and fields, and lying on the grass would look up through the trees at the clouds.

Smoothing out the dirt around her as if to make a background, she would draw upon it the clouds, the people, and above all the animals.

In vain did her parents try to keep her at school, or to have her taught some trade. Drawing, alone, interested her.

Finally Rosa was allowed to give her whole time to art, and for four years she worked faithfully in the Louvre.

She became known by her talent and industry, and through her labors the Bonheur family was freed from poverty.

Above all animals Rosa loved the horse, and in her desire to paint it in a great way she overcame all obstacles.

Her most famous picture, "The Horse Fair," occupied her for eighteen months. Daily she visited an old Parisian horse market to study the horses. She dressed in men's clothes to escape attention.

"The Horse Fair" is a group of twenty or more strong horses; they are white, dappled, black, and splendid in the energy of their action and power. Some are ridden, some led by grooms exulting in their mastery of the noble animals.

The scene is in a familiar spot of Paris, with the dome of the Invalides and an avenue of trees seen in the background.

Rosa Bonheur's father never saw this famous picture, but on his deathbed he asked to see the

"Plowing in the Nivernais," and his words of praise for it were among the last he ever spoke.

When her fame had brought her wealth, she bought a beautiful home. In its large grounds she kept sheep, deer, stags, and many other animals for models.

These animals were as much loved and caressed by the famous artist as her pets had been when she was a humble little girl.

The French nation conferred great honors upon their greatest woman painter, the Empress Eugénie herself pinning upon Rosa's blouse a medal of honor.

She was made the principal of a school of design for girls, and all her life this simple, independent woman loved her animals and her art.

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